

A HOT TIME.

A Sensational Debate in House of Representatives.

PHILIPPINE WAR DISCUSSED

Lenz Begins Action With Destructive Ammunition, and is Unequal to the Task of Repelling the Attack.

There was a hot time in the House of Representatives alive last Wednesday. Mr. Lenz, an Ohio Democrat, furnished sensation of the day. He used a newspaper paragraph recounting the death of Charles Lyland, territorial judge of New Mexico, who had been a member of the legislature which elected Senator Hanna, as a text for charging corruption in that election. This called forth a severe remark from Mr. Cannon. Gen. Grosvenor of Ohio attempted to reply and the two Ohioans were at odds for the fray, but Mr. Cannon would not permit it. He thought if "dirty linen" was to be washed the gentlemen should hire a hall. Later Mr. Lenz made a second onslaught of a sensational character of the troops in the Philippines and brought down upon himself the whole Republican side of the house. Mr. Lenz attacked corruption in high and low places charging that a judicial place had been given Mr. Lyland in return for his vote for United States senator.

Mr. Steele of Indiana made the point of order that Mr. Lenz was not speaking to the subject under consideration, but was "jumping on a dead man." "I am not jumping on a dead man," replied Mr. Lenz, "but on a man who is so alive that he will ride down Pennsylvania avenue with the president one week from Monday."

Mr. Grosvenor sought to reply to Mr. Lenz, who refused to allow him to do so. Mr. Grosvenor then angrily declared that the gentleman from Ohio, Mr. Lenz, had been guilty of a malicious falsehood. "And he knows it," added Mr. Grosvenor.

A very sensational episode occurred when the paragraph providing that not over \$50 should be paid for the apprehension of a deserter from the army was reached in the appropriation bill, which was under discussion. This paragraph was seized upon by Mr. Lenz for a base for an attack. He declared that reports were coming back from the Philippines that our soldiers were killing prisoners and said that he knew of a letter received by the father of a soldier in the Philippines telling of how a native had been buried alive by his captors and then beheaded.

If that was the sort of civilization that was being carried into the Philippines Mr. Lenz declared that it would take \$5,000 to prevent our soldiers from deserting. Again and again he shouted that they were justified in deserting. Mr. Lenz's remarks aroused the house to fever pitch. Mr. Graham, Republican, of Pennsylvania, challenged Mr. Lenz to produce the letter he had referred to, which Mr. Lenz replied could not be produced without getting the boy in trouble.

Mr. Cannon in impassioned tones declared that a gentleman who would ride in his place in the American Congress and advise men who had enlisted under the American flag to desert might be safe here but if they should carry the same things in the Philippines they would be tried by drum-head court martial and shot. This statement brought forth a round of applause from the Republican side.

But Mr. Lenz returned to the assault. He read a newspaper account of a letter alleged to have been received by the father of a soldier saying that the soldiers were ordered to shoot every man and beast they found. Mr. Lenz declared that he could not be "snowed out." If such orders had been issued, he said, this congress collectively should be ashamed to face the world. He charged that our soldiers were guilty of murder and said that the time had come when the country was entitled to know the facts and not to rely upon a "censored press."

Mr. Cannon said the gentleman was lashing himself into a passion while the men he slandered were busy in the performance of their duty.

Mr. Cannon said that in his lifetime he had heard more eloquent men than the gentleman from Ohio encourage desertion. "When the life of the nation was at stake," he said, "men all over the north and south behind the firing line encouraged desertion. I leave the gentleman to the contempt of an indignant people," concluded Mr. Cannon amid a whirlwind of applause.

"Was the gentleman on the firing line?" cried Mr. Lenz.

"It matters not where I was," retorted Mr. Cannon. "I was not disloyal then, nor now." (Renewed Republican applause.)

Mr. Mahon, Republican of Pennsylvania, challenged Mr. Lenz to bring in a resolution to act the secretary of war whether such orders as he had referred to ever had been issued. The result, he said, would show the report to be a falsehood.

"I have heard such speeches as the gentleman delivered before," he continued. "They are but a revamp of the copperhead speeches from 1861-65. The copperhead charged every sin in the calendar to the Union soldiers. The boys in the Philippines are deserting because you encourage them to desert and the man who encourages them is worse than the deserter. During the rebellion I thought if 8,000 or 18,000 of the copperheads had been shot they would not have been troubled with desertion. Some of them still live. I thank God very few. (Applause.) There are none in my State. Neither the people or the press of my State could be paid to make such charges as the gentleman has made. I am not surprised that the good people of Ohio left you at home—because you charged that the administration paid \$100,000 to defeat you; you are not worth it—but because of your everlasting demagogism. (Loud Republican applause.)

This brought Mr. Lenz again to his feet. When he declared himself a Jeffersonian-Lincoln Democrat the Republican

publicans jeered. Proceeding he charged that his defeat had been compassed by bribery right and left. "I was defeated," he concluded, "you are well come to the glory and satisfaction of it."

Mr. Grosvenor of Ohio also paid his respect to Mr. Lenz for terming himself a follower of Jefferson and Lincoln, and Mr. Moody, Republican of Massachusetts, almost brought his side of the house up standing by reading an utterance of Lincoln condemning more the "wily satirist who induced the soldier to desert than the soldier himself."

"Has Massachusetts shot Senator Hanna?" shouted Mr. Lenz.

"Oh, get out," called Mr. Dille of Pennsylvania.

The excitement then subsided.

The Texas Cotton Crop.

The following is a paragraph taken from a letter written by Sam Jones to the Atlanta Journal: "Texas' surplus this year in the pockets of the farmers is just what Georgia farmers would have for the enormous outlay for guano. Georgia must have commercial fertilizers. Texas don't need them. The tenants on these rich farm lands in Texas pay the landlords \$3 money rent per acre, and that's what it costs for guano per acre in Georgia. If I were a farmer I would rather rent a land in Texas than own it in Georgia. The black cotton lands of Texas are selling from \$30 to \$70 per acre; \$60 per acre will buy the best lands ten miles from town. The question is not how much cotton can Texas make, but how much cotton can they pick out. I have traveled through Texas from Galveston to El Paso, from Texline to Galveston, and I stay within the facts when I say that not one tenth of Texas cotton lands ever had a plow on them. If you will furnish Texas with half a million more plow mules and Negro plowmen, they will and can make in Texas this year eight million bales of cotton, weighing 500 pounds each. The value of the Mississippi in Louisiana and the good cotton lands of Texas can make fifteen million bales and not use a pound of guano, and with the average season make a bale to the acre one year with another. Georgia, Alabama, South Carolina and North Carolina must look to their manufacturing interests and their farmers to diversified crops and homemade fertilizers or go broke in a few years. Texas can produce her own wheat, corn, oats and ship millions of dollars worth of cattle, hogs, sheep, mules, horses, etc., annually. Georgia is no longer the Empire State of the South. Texas has the blue ribbon tied on her now."

Aiding the Filipinos.

A dispatch from Manila says Capt. Jones of the Eighth infantry has arrested at a town on the bay, in the province of Laguna, Florentino Ortana and Miguel Ponce de Leon, agents of the Tabacalera company, and William Webb, Pedro Loreto and Victoriano Sotano, employed by the Philippine Trading company, on charges similar to those brought against Dr. M. Carman, the American contractor, namely, furnishing the insurgents with supplies. The Tabacalera company, the richest corporation in the Philippines, is accused of aiding the insurgents often and extensively. The parties arrested are prominent persons and the evidence against them is very strong. M. B. Hollister, a Belgian, connected with the Philippine Trading company, has been arrested at Manila, and M. Edouard Andre, the Belgian consul here and manager of the Philippine Trading company, has left hastily with his family on his way to Europe on board the steam ship Montevideo. Andre has previously been suspected. Other arrests are expected.

Philippine Cotton.

The Augusta Chronicle says Augusta friends have received from Sergeant Major William Lauenstein, who during the days of Camp Mackenzie was here with the 8th Pennsylvania, but who is now with the 23rd infantry on Isle of Mindanao, a specimen cotton grown in the Philippines. The bolls are of good size, and though the staple is short, the texture is good despite poor cultivation. The sample is sufficient to show that cotton can be raised there of good quality, and when American methods of cultivation are introduced in the islands, the Philippine cotton crop will probably have to be reckoned with.

A Queer Animal.

A dispatch from Tacoma, Pa., says: Richard Miller of Hauto has a curiosity in the shape of an animal that is half cat and half rabbit. The front portion of the creature, with the exception of its red eyes, is that of a cat, while the rear half is that of a rabbit. One half of the animal's body is covered with the white hair of a cat, while the remainder of its body is covered with the reddish brown fur of a rabbit, ending in a short, bushy tail. It moves about with half run and half hop, and is very tame. It lives on vegetable and milk, and has no use for meat. It is about one half the size of a full grown cat.

A Young Couple.

McDonald Furman writes to the States from Privateer, Sumner County, says: "A youthful marriage took place among the people of this township last Sunday. Mr. Harmon Hodge, the groom, is not out of his teens, and the bride, Miss Zula Geddings, is barely 14. She is a granddaughter, on the maternal side, of the venerable Confederate soldier recently mentioned in this correspondence as never having eaten ice cream. A first cousin of the bride, Miss Sallie Geddings, was married several weeks ago at the youthful age of 17."

An Opportunity.

At the Lincoln birthday celebration at Springfield, Mass., Senator Hoar said: "In Massachusetts, I am proud to say, the Negro takes his place as an equal of the white man in the superior of our universities, colleges and public schools." Now is the time, then, for the Bay State to send a man to Congress who will give color as well as tone to the Massachusetts delegation.—Charlotte Observer.

It Was Cold.

A dispatch to the Cincinnati Enquirer from Dawson City in the Klondike, declares that one day last month the mercury there was 85 degrees below zero. How they ever get a thermometer to register such a record is not explained.

J. W. TOLBERT SHOT.

Returned to Town from Which He Had Been Expelled.

MET THE FATE HE COURTED.

Both Parties Used Pistols Innocent Visitor Said to Have Been Wounded. Tolbert is Badly Hurt.

A dispatch from Greenville to The State says James W. Tolbert has met the fate he courted. He was shot Thursday on the streets of McCormick, where he had been told that he must not go or else he would have to die. Before he was shot down he fired two shots at a young visitor to the town of McCormick—a man who had nothing to do with the row going on between Tolbert and the citizens of McCormick. Both shots took effect, one in the body and one in the hip. This young man, a Mr. Martin, was visiting his brother-in-law, M. L. B. Sturkey, and was simply walking by when Tolbert, according to the statements of those present, pulled out a pistol and fired at him. Immediately a fusillade began, with Tolbert as the target for all the available shooting irons in and around that vicinity.

Tolbert owns quite a lot of land around McCormick and some real estate in the town. He has never attended to the renting of this property in person until this year; he will likely never do so again. About a week ago he went down to McCormick determined to stay. In a few days he received an anonymous letter advising him to leave. He refused to attach any importance to the letter and went on about his business of looking after his farm lands. Thursday he was approached by a crowd of men and told to leave. According to the statement of the best men present he attempted to argue the matter and to let it be known that he intended to stay. Just about this time young Martin passed by the crowd on the other side of the street, and seeing him, Tolbert pulled out his pistol and fired twice at Martin. As stated above, the shooting at Tolbert then commenced. Only two shots taking effect, both in the body. Martin was hit in the hip and in the body. There were no more shots fired at Tolbert after he fell. He was carried to the home of Mr. Pick Hollingsworth, and a heavy guard had been placed around the house. Young Martin was carried into the store of his brother-in-law, M. L. B. Sturkey, and his wounds immediately attended to by Dr. Melidon.

Even if Tolbert's wounds do not prove fatal, his life is still in danger. The general opinion is that if Martin should die there would be no chance for Tolbert. Late Thursday afternoon a phone message from McCormick stated that a good many people from the country were coming in town, and the universal opinion was that Tolbert had better be moved. His physician said that he could be moved, and his brother, R. R. Tolbert, expects to have him moved to Augusta or some place of safety.

Jim Tolbert, as he is known, has been obnoxious to the people of McCormick ever since the Phenix riot in the fall of 1898. He rendered himself doubly so by the celebrated "conspiracy case" of the places in the spring of 1899. He has made several attempts to go back there, but every time he was told quietly but none the less firmly that he could not stay in the town of McCormick. Despite these warnings he has persisted, and it seems now that he will give up his life for his rashness. The people of McCormick are very cool and very determined. He has been told to stay away, and all would be well, but to try to come back there would mean trouble. The trouble has come.

THE GOVERNOR CALLED ON.

Thursday night Gov. McSwain received the following dispatch dated McCormick, S. C.:

To Gov. McSwain, Columbia, S. C. Please send me here on special train tonight to protect me. I am shot to death.

James W. Tolbert

There was evidently a word omitted in the above dispatch.

Gov. McSwain ordered the office at McCormick held open, and telegraphed in duplicate to the sheriff of Greenville county and to the sheriff of W. B. Goings of Abbeville county, who is acting sheriff of the latter county, as follows:

R. F. McCaslan, Sheriff Greenville county, Greenville, S. C.

Have telegraphed from James W. Tolbert, McCormick, S. C., that he is shot to death. Give me full particulars. Go to McCormick and use your best judgment. Wire tonight what you know about it.

M. B. McSwain, Governor.

The following was also sent at once: Intendant McCormick, McCormick, S. C.

Have received tonight telegram from James W. Tolbert, McCormick, asking protection and stating he is shot to death. Can you give me any particulars? Wire answer tonight if possible.

M. B. McSwain, Governor.

Shortly before 11 o'clock Gov. McSwain received the following:

Greenville, S. C., Feb. 21

Gov. M. B. McSwain, Columbia, S. C.

Don't know any of the particulars. Hear that Tolbert shot twice before he was fired on, wounding a Georgian who was standing on the street. No train from here before 2:40 tomorrow. Await your wishes.

R. F. McCaslan, Sheriff.

At 11 o'clock Thursday night no further information had been obtained from the scene of the trouble by the governor.

Big fire in Atlanta.

Fire Thursday destroyed almost an entire block in the wholesale district of Atlanta, entailing a loss of a half million dollars, on which there is insurance amounting to nearly \$450,000. The burned area is bounded by Railroad avenue and Loyd, Deatur and Collins street.

ANOTHER GREENVILLE KILLING.

A Dying Man Accuses Two Men of His Murder.

STEAMER A TOTAL LOSS.

The Vessel Settled So Quickly That Many Persons Were Drowned in Their Berths. A Terrible Disaster.

A dispatch from San Francisco says the Pacific Mail steamer Rio de Janeiro ran on a hidden rock while entering the Golden Gate early Friday morning in a dense fog. She sank a few minutes after striking. It is thought that nearly 150 persons were drowned, but it is impossible to ascertain the exact number, owing to the fact that Purser John Rooney, who had the passenger list and roster of the crew, is among the missing.

At 5 o'clock Friday afternoon 10 bodies had been recovered, two white women, one white man and seven Chinese. The most prominent passenger on the steamer was Runessville Wild man, United States consul at Hong Kong who was accompanied by his wife and two children. It is thought all were drowned.

A TRAGEDY FEARED.

Where is Henry Saxton, the man who it is said, was dragged from J. H. Green's home Monday night by a crowd of fifteen angry men for the purpose of beating him?

This is the question that is puzzling the minds of everybody in the neighborhood. Saxton has not been found. Diligent search was made for him yesterday. Messages were sent to his home at Fairmont, Spartanburg county, but his parents have no knowledge of his whereabouts, not having seen him since he left for Greenville a few days ago. The swamps, woods, fields, ditches in the neighborhood of the mill have been thoroughly diligently searched but in vain. The supposition is that Saxton has been murdered and his body thrown in ditch or perhaps in a pond near where the shooting took place Monday night. The pond at the mill will be dragged today in search of the body of the missing man. The sheriff is deeply interested and is determined to capture the guilty parties.

THE EXPOSITION ACT.

Text of the Measure Making the State Appropriation

The following is the text of the act of the general assembly making an appropriation for the Charleston exposition:

An act to provide for a building and a State exhibit at the South Carolina Interstate and West Indian exposition, and to make an appropriation for the same.

Section 1. Be it enacted by the general assembly of the State of South Carolina: That the sum of fifty thousand dollars, if so much be necessary, be and the same is hereby appropriated for the purpose of paying the cost of providing materials and constructing in the city of Charleston, in this State, on the grounds selected for the exposition proposed to be held in 1901-1902 by the South Carolina Interstate and West Indian exposition company, a building designed by Bradford L. Gilbert, the architect of said exposition company, as the agricultural building and for the purpose of making a suitable and creditable exhibit of the past and present resources of this State, under the direction of the commission heretofore created; and also for the purpose of paying the expenses incident to the erection, purchase, preparation, transportation, installation, care and return of said exhibit, provided that said commission shall expend as much of said money as they may deem necessary to obtain from the several counties of this State full and complete exhibits of their natural resources, such as stone, minerals, ore, woods, coal, soils, water power and agricultural products.

Sec. 2. That the said amount heretofore appropriated shall be paid on the application of the chairman of the commission heretofore created, on the warrant of the comptroller general. Which warrant shall not be drawn by the comptroller general until it is made to appear to him that the subscriptions to the capital stock of the said exposition company amount to two hundred thousand dollars by responsible subscribers, payable in cash, and that not less than 90 per cent. thereof has been paid in and that the city council of the city of Charleston has appropriated the sum of fifty thousand dollars for the erection of a building and otherwise promoting the said exposition.

Sec. 3. That for the purpose of carrying into effect the provision of this act a commission consisting of five members, of whom His Excellency, the governor shall be one, and a director of the above named exposition shall be one, is hereby created, which commission shall serve without compensation. That the members of the said commission shall be appointed by His Excellency, the governor, and he shall be chairman of the said commission. That the construction of the said building and other work heretofore provided for, shall be performed subject to the approval of the said commission.

Sec. 4. That at the close of the said exposition the said property shall remain the property of the State and be turned over to the sinking fund commission to be disposed of for the State at their discretion.

Sec. 5. The commission heretofore created shall receive and hold for the use of the State all exhibits of a permanent character that may become the property of the State by purchase, donation or otherwise, and shall make a report as to such exhibits to the general assembly at its first meeting after the close of the exposition.

Approved the 8th day of February, A. D. 1901.

As It Should Be.

The Atlanta Journal says according to the decision of the joint committee Senator Hanna will be the President's escort in the coming inaugural parade. It will be generally agreed that the selection is an appropriate one. It has always been the custom to have the incumbent escort the incoming President, and in this incident the rule works both ways.

STRUCK ON A ROCK

And Sunk in the Harbor of San Francisco.

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The ship was in command of Pilot Frederick Jordan when struck. He was rescued. Capt. Wm. Ward went down with his vessel. A nearly as can be learned there were 234 people on board the Rio de Janeiro, as follows: Cabin passengers, 29; second cabin, 7; officers and crew, 140.

The following have been accounted for: Rescued, 79; bodies at the morgue, 10; total 89. Missing, 145.

IN THEIR BERTHS.

The Rio de Janeiro was three days overdue from Hong Kong via Honolulu when she arrived off the Heads Friday night, and the dense fog prevailing at the time induced Pilot Jordan to bring her to anchor until he could see his way clear through the gateway. She laid to until about 4:30 o'clock Friday morning, when the atmosphere cleared and she was started under a low bell toward Point Bonita. All went well until 5:40 o'clock, when she struck. Most of the passengers were below at the time, and it is believed that many of them were drowned in their berths.

The first news of the disaster reached here at 7:30 o'clock Friday morning, and soon afterward a boat load of rescued passengers and petty officers arrived at the mail dock.

Tugs were immediately dispatched to render any service that might be needed, but no living persons were afloat when they reached the wreck.

A number of drowning people were rescued by Italian fishermen and the bodies of two white women, three Chinese and a Japanese were brought in by the tugs. The search for victims has continued all day.

The officers were cool and gave the necessary orders with the least possible excitement.

Capt. Ward, who was on deck when the vessel struck, at once gave orders to the crew on watch to hurry the passengers to the forward deck. The quartermaster on duty sounded the signal for fire drill and within five minutes all the men were at their stations. The captain gave orders to lower the lifeboats and life rafts.

There was not much confusion until 15 minutes after striking, when the bow of the vessel suddenly plunged under water. Then there was a wild rush for the boats. Two boats had already been lowered and others were getting away as rapidly as the trained discipline of the crew could prepare them. A thick fog enveloped everything, and as yet no sign had come from the life saving stations. Darkness was all about, and with this added horror the people on the Rio had to cope.

One boat got clear of the vessel's side with damage. It contained Mrs. West, Mrs. Ripley, Chief Engineer Harkley, Second Officer Coghlan, Frank Crump, J. R. Russell, Storekeeper Borg, Waiter D. Lane, Quartermaster Matheson and Capt. Beeth of the German navy. This boat got clear of the sinking vessel and then stood by to help in picking up those who had no time to get into the boats and were in the water.

Another boat, containing Third Officer Holland and J. K. Carpenter, got away, but was drifted around close up under the bow of the steamer. As the forward end of the vessel plunged downward the bow caught the small boat and cut it to pieces. The two men in the boat were uninjured and swam away.

Carpenter was picked up, but Holland is supposed to have perished. A number of Italian fishermen who were just starting out Friday morning saw the sinking of the Rio and hastened to render assistance. Meantime many of the terrified people rushed to the railings and jumped overboard. Some were picked up, others drowned. The ship's crew, numbering over a hundred, was terrorized. Many jumped into the sea.

Capt. Ward remained on deck until the vessel had settled and the water was calming. Then he went up on the bridge to issue directions.

That the steamer sank almost immediately after striking is the report of a majority of those rescued. The wreck lies about three-fourths of a mile south of Fort Point and about a thousand yards off the rock shore. The smokestack and a portion of the upper works of the ill fated steamer are visible.

Three survivors say they saw Capt. Ward to the last, but Frederick Lindstrom, the quartermaster of the Rio, emphatically declared that Capt. Ward was not seen after he was rescued. He said that the ship's cabin, when he met his doom behind a locked door.

Quartermaster Officer Lindstrom was one of the first to land. According to his story Capt. Ward, after consulting with Pilot Jordan, came down from the bridge. He was standing on the deck when the vessel crashed into the rock. There was a cry of "man the boats," but it was apparent that in the midst of the awful confusion a systematic effort to save the passengers would be of no avail. Everybody was scrambling for his own safety.

It was at this time that Lindstrom says he saw Capt. Ward standing on the forward deck. Suddenly the captain turned and, walking hurriedly to his cabin, disappeared behind the door, which he closed. A second later the vessel was plunging to the bottom of the sea.

Underground Fish.

A dispatch from Goshen, N. Y., says William J. Brown of Elmira, an expert in the use of explosives, a day or two ago fired a driven well at the Howell cemetery, at Pine Island, with two charges of a high explosive, weighing respectively seventy and ninety pounds, which were set off, the heavier 120 feet from the top and the lighter at a depth of 200 feet. The latter is supposed to have torn a huge pocket far down in the well, and a column of water was spouted up to a height of over 300 feet. With it came the earth and rocks and three very curious fish. One struck near the well and flipped back into it, and the other two were captured. The larger measured eight inches in length and weighed almost half a pound. The fish were eyeless, a dull gray color and were similar in shape to a frankfurter sausage. A bystander caught the big one, but says that he received a heavy electric shock when he touched it. He struck at it with a hatchet and the blade glanced off his body. A second died. The survivor is covered with small scales so arranged as to render it impossible to tell which end is head and which tail. Heading either way it swims equally well, but prefers to burrow under a heap of sand.

A Hundred Years ago.

The London Times is observing the new century by republishing selected articles from its files of a hundred years ago. Among the items is this in the issue of January 21, 1901: We have the mortification to learn the confirmation of the choice of Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Barr as President and Vice President of the United States of America. Letters were yesterday received from Philadelphia, dated the 16th of December, which mentioned "that it is now determined that Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Barr are to be President and Vice President of the United States."

The Times' services stated further that the success of the two gentlemen was due entirely to accident, the nature of which is thus set forth: The northern part of Carolina was in favor of Jefferson; the south part unanimously for Mr. Adams. It so happened that from the frost not having set in, the electors of South Carolina were fearful of catching the fever common to that country if they left their homes to travel 140 miles to the Presidency to give their votes during the open and damp season; the consequence of this was that twelve votes were lost to Mr. Adams, which had been reckoned upon as certain, and the want of them has lost him and Mr. Pickney their election.

Profane Gratitude.

Gen. Felix Agnus of Baltimore recently told this story: "I was wounded at the battle of Gaines' Mill. The ball entered my chest and shattered my shoulder. When my senses returned, I found that a Confederate, also wounded, had fallen across me, for the battle had been a hand to hand affair. The man was faintly whispering for water. I lifted up my canteen—it was filled with cold coffee—and handed it to him. He took a long drink and handed the canteen back to me. 'Yank,' he said, 'thank you.' And then added, with equal sincerity: 'Damn you.'

"Not long ago I was in the Carrollton Hotel, in Baltimore, when a party of ex-Confederates, who were giving a dinner, captured me and took me into the banquet room. They called on me for a speech, and I told them the story of the man with whom I had shared my spirit which thanked me and damned me in the same breath. The next day a fine looking gentleman called upon me at my office. He had heard my story, he said, and had come to tell me that he was the wounded soldier. From that day to this we have been the best of friends."

Drowned in a Mine.

As a result of the giving way of a wall the asylum mines were flooded at Tuscaloosa, Ala., and 13 Negro miners are now entombed in 10 feet of water. It is thought, with little prospect of being rescued. The surrounding waters run into the mine as rapidly as it is pumped out. When the first rush of water entered the mine 11 miners were able to get out. The accident is attributed to a miner who was digging coal close to the wall of the abandoned shaft, which has been filled with water for some time. Suddenly the wall was pierced and the stagnant water rushed upon the men, hemming in 13 of them, who were at work below the break. The other 11 managed to escape and reached the surface. There is a large force of hands at work pumping the water out of the mines but little progress is being made as it fills up almost as rapidly as it is pumped out. The fate of the entombed miners is problematical. It is thought it will take from 24 to 48 hours to clear the mines. At present there appears practically no hope for them unless air reaches them in a short time.

Saloon Keepers' Wife Shot.

Mrs. Rosa Hudson, wife of John Hudson, a saloon keeper at Milwood, Kansas, was shot and killed Tuesday night during a raid on her husband's saloon. Hudson had been warned to close his saloon but refused. About 10 o'clock three men entered the place and called for drinks. When served they rapped on the counter and gave the signal. Hudson jumped from behind the bar and grabbed one of the men. In the scuffle the shotgun, which one man carried, was discharged, its contents entering the wall. Mrs. Hudson, attracted by the noise, ran screaming into the room, while a mob of forty men most of whom wore masks, entered at the signal. In the melee Mrs. Hudson was shot. William Webb, head being blown off, was shot in the shoulder by a revolver. Nearly a hundred shots were fired. They retired without wrecking the joint. Milwood is in a state of excitement and more trouble is threatened.

Swung up Five Times.

A mob took Babe Montgomery from the jail at Dyersburg, Tenn., Thursday night and swung him up five times, letting him down each time, to make him confess his complicity in the assault with Fred King upon Miss Alice Arnold. The negro denied his guilt. The mob then carried him back to the jail more dead than alive, deciding to wait until the third guilty negro is confessed who King implicated. King, the best known young women of Dyersburg for assault. A number of negroes were whipped out of Dyersburg last night.

Killed in a Runaway.

A horse attached to a small wagon containing two ladies and two children ran away while going down a steep grade on Red mountain four miles from Birmingham, Ala., Friday morning. The wagon struck a telephone pole and was overturned. Those in it were thrown down a fifty foot embankment. Mrs. Alexander and Arthur Alexander, 3-year-old son of Mrs. Alexander, were killed. Mrs. E. J. Simms, mother of Mrs. Alexander, was seriously injured and will die. The other child was not injured.

Bank Robbed.

The private banking institution of F. B. Vennum at Voshier, a small hamlet situated in the northwest part of Champaign county, Ill., was robbed Wednesday of \$1820 by Arthur Hyer, a reckless farmer boy aged 22 years. The cashier handed out the money at the pistol's point and the robber boarded a freight train, took charge of the engine and pulled through town at a high speed. Several citizens caught the caboose and the desperado was captured in the cab of the engine. The money was recovered.

STRUCK BY A TRAIN.

A Carriage With Six People in it Demolished Near Spartanburg.

SCENES OF HORROR.

It is Believed that Some of the Wounded Were Burned to Death in Subsequent Fire.

One of the worst collisions in the history of the Amboy division of the Pennsylvania railroad occurred about 5:30 o'clock Thursday evening at Rensselaer siding near Bordentown and about ten miles south of Trenton, N. J. The "Nelly Bly" express from New York for Atlantic City collided with passenger train No. 330 running from Camden to Trenton. The number of dead so far as known is ten and the number of injured upward of twenty-five.

A special train about 9 o'clock from the scene brought four dead bodies and sixteen wounded persons to Trenton. The wounded were distributed among the three Trenton hospitals. Other wounded passengers were taken to Cooper hospital at Camden.

Among the killed was Walter Earl, engineer of the express, and James Birmingham, baggage master of the local train. Most of the killed were Italians.

Frank Boland, a passenger on train No. 330, an employee of the Pennsylvania Railroad company, had both legs off. The doctors say he will die.

Michael McGraw, fireman on the "Nelly Bly," is badly injured but expected